

The TATLER

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and

BYSTANDER

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Swaebe

Artist Paints Artist

Cathleen Mann at Work on Her
Portrait of Hermione Baddeley

Cathleen Mann, the artist (in private life the Marchioness of Queensbury), has just completed a head and shoulders portrait of Hermione Baddeley, actress, artist, mistress of burlesque. No portrait could adequately express the versatile mastery of this brilliant British actress, but Cathleen Mann has succeeded in putting on canvas much of the personality which gives such power to Miss Baddeley's work and which on one occasion inspired Mr. George Bernard Shaw to put pen to paper advising the artist to change her name from Baddeley to Goodeley. At the moment Hermione Baddeley is appearing with Leslie Henson in *The Gaieties* at the Saville Theatre. Next year she plans to play a leading role in *Don't, Mr. Disraeli*



Way of the World

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

Hampton Court

LAST night we were staying in Hampton Court Palace. Melancholy, but enchanted, we wandered after dinner through the dark garden where at any moment the statues would begin their night life. Against the new glow of London we watched the princely dance of the Garden Front, so much livelier than its great rival at Versailles. We have been brought up to consider it almost Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece. But the latest learned volume of the "Wren Society" gently impugns yet another of our basic convictions. It reproduces Wren's drawings for Hampton Court; anything flatter or more insipid than his original conception of the Garden Front it would be hard to find. Out of this humdrum design how was conjured the actual miracle? Did Hawksmoor or my hero, Sir John Vanbrugh, take a hand? We cast no aspersions on Wren's incomparable genius. But here certainly is a mystery.

The Dropping Basket

PASSING through a locked-up courtyard we came upon a sudden beam of light that seemed to drop from heaven. There was a graceful staircase apparently borne on air, and zigzagging aloft for countless storeys. As we craned our necks, admiring, we saw a small object drop on a rope down the well of the staircase towards our noses.

It grew; now we could see what it was; a blue and white enamel pail sheltering a few outer lettuce leaves and the unwanted parts of a beetroot—debris of some frugal but distinguished meal. In the Palladian quiet of the night the pail took on a mischievous mystery that reminded me of an enchanting painting by my friend, Pierre Roy, grandfather of surrealism. It shows a decorous Empire staircase and a serpent gliding down it bound on heaven knows what errand in Lilith's service.

Beefeaters

AFTERWARDS we were enabled to penetrate into the Queen's Guard Room, which is denied to the public. There, skilled and devoted hands tirelessly repair the royal tapestries. It was a strange emotion to be alone towards midnight in that noble room with the tapestries stretched on racks and discreetly covered with sacking. We lifted the sacking to gaze upon a world of gallant heroes and goddesses in thread, tattered but still gleaming; upon their august noses reposed reels of cotton; platoons of pins were stuck into celestial arms. Once again we felt guilty of disturbing a secret life buzzing all through the old Palace. Hastily we let the sacking drop back, that the heroes, the goddesses, cotton-reels and pins might go back to their mischief. We turned instead to the vast marble Beefeater mantelpiece towering above us.

One of the great curiosities of Hampton Court, its fantasy and gigantic size give it a fairy-tale quality, as if one had wandered into the giant's drawing-room. The huge, smiling Beefeaters who support it, with the royal insignia on their spreading chests, proclaim it the fancy of that strange genius William Kent, the builder of the Horse Guards Parade. For he loved to introduce Beefeaters wherever he could in his royal work.

Caroline of Anspach

HE was particularly favoured by George II's consort, Queen Caroline of Anspach, the last Queen of England until Queen Mary to be a real patroness of the arts. Just before the war Peter Quennell wrote an admirable biography of her. Despite an unprepossessing appearance, she must have been an entrancing creature, responsible for so much that is beautiful in the environs of London.

The Octagon

I ALWAYS associate her with the Octagon, that delicious pavilion in the grounds of old Orleans

House which was saved from destruction thanks to the efforts of Mrs. Basil Ionides, Lord Bearsted's sister.

Buxted Park

MR. AND MRS. IONIDES' charming house, Buxted Park, was almost entirely gutted by fire a few years ago, though luckily much of their magnificent collection was saved. They took their loss with the utmost fortitude, and talk only of when Buxted shall be itself again, set on its graceful hill, and housing all their glittering treasures.

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox

THE death of Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox removes one of my last direct memories of the Edwardian age. She possessed an affability and a wit rare in that terrifying generation, and a sense



Recuperating At Capri

The former Austrian Chancellor, Kurt von Schuschnigg, is seen with his wife at Capri, where they are recovering from their imprisonment at Dachau



H.M. The King With His Cabinet Ministers and Service Chiefs

H.M. the King was photographed in the grounds of Buckingham Palace with his Cabinet Ministers and Chiefs of Staff. (Above) Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, Mr. Morrison, Sir E. Bridges, Mr. C. R. Attlee, General Sir Hastings Ismay, H.M. the King, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal, Mr. A. Greenwood, Mr. A. V. Alexander, Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke and Mr. Ernest Bevin



Atom Bomb Adviser Takes a Well-earned Rest

Sir George Paget Thomson, who has been Scientific Adviser to the Air Ministry since 1943, and was one of the British brains behind the atom bomb, has been taking a well-earned rest with his family at Shackleford, in Surrey. He is seen in the garden with his two daughters, Clare and Rose, and his son, David



Lord and Lady Strabolgi's Eve of Parliament Party at the Savoy

Many Cabinet Ministers of the new Government were present at Lord and Lady Strabolgi's very successful cocktail party. Lady Strabolgi is seen chatting to Dr. Edith Summerskill, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Food



Mrs. Atlee was drinking a toast with her host, Lord Strabolgi, and the Soviet Military Attache, Major Samarin. Owing to the developments in the Far East, the Prime Minister was unable to attend the party



More Well-known Personalities Who Were Enjoying Themselves at Lord and Lady Strabolgi's Party

Lord Winstanley, the Minister of Civil Aviation, was listening intently to H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador, Señor Jose Joaquin Moniz de Aragao, while in the midst of an earnest discussion



Three Peers who were in excellent form were Lord Southwood, Lord Ammon, who is Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, and Lord Walkden, Captain of the Yeoman of the Guard

of kindly fun that could even embrace children in its folds.

We first met when as a child my father took me to stay at the British Embassy in Paris, towards the end of the last war. It was under the genial witty regime of the late Lord Bertie of Thame and we all went to the funeral of Rodin, the great sculptor, at which lugubrious ceremony my father was official representative. A very strange atmosphere reigned over the dead man's house. Every room was crowded with lovely, dark-eyed relations, swathed in all the voluptuous trammels of a first-rate French funeral. But there was something phoney about it all. Whenever we were in the room, the girls wailed like one o'clock, there was a tremendous fluttering of purple-edged handkerchiefs. Directly we went next door, one heard something strangely like giggles behind one, and a similar echo from the room not yet entered. It was as if a tidal wave of grief travelled with us through an estuary of frivolity. We were all perplexed and Lady Algernon slipped off to investigate.

She was back in due course, trying hard to keep laughter from interfering with her natural dignity. She had unearthed the secret. Rodin had died with nowhere near enough relatives to make a decent funeral. But his friends were not to be put off. Loie Fuller marshalled her famous troupe of dancers, clapped them into mourning and trained them to blubber in a seemly manner. They were the dark-eyed, violet mourners. Doubtless when distinguished backs were turned the giggles came from scabious stories of how "la petite Zizi avait posé un lapin à un gentil brigadier rentré tout bouillant du pont."

The rest of the funeral was hardly less ludicrous. We stood by the grass over which brooded "Le Penseur" and old Léon Berard, Minister of Public Instruction, began to pronounce the customary funeral oration. It began to pour, and the trite sonorous phrases bounced over gleaming umbrellas. It came down harder, and suddenly, I heard Lady Algernon herself unable any longer to choke back laughter. The rain was undermining the earthy parapet which supported "Le Penseur." The heavy statue was sagging ominously; at any moment it might dive head-first after its creator into the damp grave. Never was funeral oration cut short quicker. . . .

Welbeck

LADY ALGERNON died at Welbeck, over which, of course, reigns her charming daughter, the present Duchess of Portland. There could exist few properties in England more fantastic than Welbeck with its tremendous system of tunnels and underground saloons once connected by a miniature tramway. They were the creation of the fifth Duke who, with advancing years, became more and more eccentric, leading a life comparable only to that of a pit pony. It used to be a fascinating experience to hear the last Duke, his successor, describe his arrival at Welbeck on coming into the title, and the nightmarish confusion he found there.

Eccentricity

BUT, personally, I believe a nobility that is worth its salt must be well flavoured with eccentricity. As I look round on my contemporaries I see a

surprisingly high percentage of good looks, intelligence, civic virtue, and a gaiety which all the regimentation of the war has not been able entirely to dim. But precious little of the needful eccentricity. Naps Alington, belonging in point of years to a slightly older world, was the last of the real eccentrics—hiring a Paris taxi-cab to drive him in tail-coat and white tie all the way from Montmartre to Bertie Landsberg's lovely Malcontenta, that masterpiece of Palladio floating like a swan on the Brenta outside Venice. Who, nowadays, could unselfconsciously equal that achievement?

The Ste Marguerite

NOW Pétain has been reprieved and all sensible lovers of France may breathe again, let us hope history will fulfill itself by banishing him to the Ile Ste Marguerite, the lonely island off Cannes where Marshal Bazaine was once imprisoned, after the Franco-Prussian War.

Bazaine's was a tragic story. Scapegoat for the inefficiency of the French army under Napoleon III, he was court-martialled and condemned to death for having surrendered Metz and the Army of the Rhine long after the defeat of Sedan had robbed him of any other course. Reprieved, he was sent to Ste Marguerite, whence he escaped, climbing down a precipitous cliff at the age of sixty-three. I hardly see the deaf Pétain who, incidentally, is far more of a traitor than Bazaine, repeating the feat. Meanwhile, the thought of Ste Marguerite evokes the taste of hot langouste eaten under the stone pines, quick dashes in speed-boats to Monte Carlo. When, O! when again?

Myself at the Pictures

Odious Comparisons

By James Agate

I REALLY must stop going to these French films since they take the shine out of everything else. I went the other evening to see *Le Marchand d'Amour* at the little Carlton Theatre in the Tottenham Court Road. This is a wickedly clever picture about a film-director who discovers that making talkies is one thing and making love another, and that the two occupations don't mix. The character of the film-director is a superb cartoon; he is shown as charlatan, self-advertiser, gigolo, man of the world, roué. I didn't gather who the actor is, and I do not remember to have seen him before. Sufficient to say that he exposes all our British film actors for the good-looking codfish they are. Even his hat and stick act, and when he leaves the set in charge of his assistant-director and tells him to carry on, that talentless functionary assumes a similar hat and stick which continue to act after the manner of the original. No director of any English picture would have thought of an effect like this. And if he had thought of it there is no British actor with enough personality to enact the charlatan, and none with the monkey quality essential to the second-in-command. The film also contains Françoise Rosay, who has to play an ageing, embittered actress. When Bette Davis does this kind of thing we make a hell of a song and dance about it because we don't think she can do it and she does. Whereas Rosay is expected to take this kind of thing in her stride, and the fuss would be if she didn't. Yes, I must give up going to these French films!

MUCH of the credit for *A Bell for Adano* (Odeon) must be given to the author of the novel on which this film is founded, John Hersey. I have not read this novel, but presuming the film-version to stick fairly closely to the original, I should say that it might be a very readable novel indeed. Allowing this pleasing presumption to stand, let us see what the film is about.

Adano is a town in Sicily. It is wartime, the Germans have vamoosed, and the Americans have occupied the city. The place is in ruins, and we are asked to assume that more even than the lack of food and water the inhabitants miss the bell which has pealed for some seven hundred years, has got them up in the morning, and sent them to bed at night. Please, say the inhabitants with true Sicilian extravagance of gesture—please, Signor Americano, give us back our bell, we cannot live without our bell. The Signor in question is the American Civil Affairs Administrator Major Victor Joppolo (John Hodiak) who is of Italian parentage and thus able to converse with the natives. He promises them the bell. He is in other ways a good organizer. He arranges for bread to be baked, water to be drawn, fish to be caught. He is both stern and kind, and is adored by a populace resembling a set of screaming, excited kids.

JOPPOLO—dreadful name—has brought with him the usual buddy, this time in the shape of a U.S.A. sergeant, one Borth (William Bendix), who is a very rough diamond indeed. However, Borth has the usual heart of gold, and one knows instinctively that if ever the Major gets into trouble Sgt. Borth will fly to the bottle. And, by gosh, he does!

YES, the Major gets into trouble. Headquarters closes the main roads to make it easy for army transport. Whereupon the asinine Poppolo—or whatever his silly name is—in order to allow the people to get their water, countermands the order. Headquarters is rightly furious and correctly relieves the Major of his job.

BUT other things have happened meanwhile—nothing very startling, but enough to carry on the story. There is a girl, Tina (Gene Tierney), who has a lover, who is a prisoner of war, and from whom she has received no

letters for a long time. Tired of being the usual Sicilian brunette, and because gentlemen prefer it, she has dyed her hair blond. I also surmise that she has grown so tired of the endless gesticulations of her fellow-citizens that she remains throughout the film in a state of placid motionlessness, reminding one of Ibsen's Solveig or Greta's Garbo. Some of the prisoners return but the blond's lover is not among them. Which is convenient for Tina who can now date up with Toppolo, or whatever it is. Has the Major a wife in America? Yes, but what's Reno for? The film throughout is of the greatest propriety. Woppolo and the girl just sit on a sofa and talk. And talk. And talk a lot more. And then indulge in a nice long, heart-to-heart confab. Not a kiss, not a single word of love. After all, you can't anticipate Reno. Or so the Hays Office thinks. And is that all? Yes, if you except an incident with a donkey which declines to budge. This is really very amusing. It won't budge even for Bendix, and in the end Hollywood gives the job up.

FINALLY this wambling film decides to stop. *The citizens have got their bell again!* No, not the same bell, but a very fine bell all the same, procured by the Major through the good offices of the American Navy! And, at the end, when Major and Sergeant clasp hands for the last time, the bell rings out, ting, ting, TING!

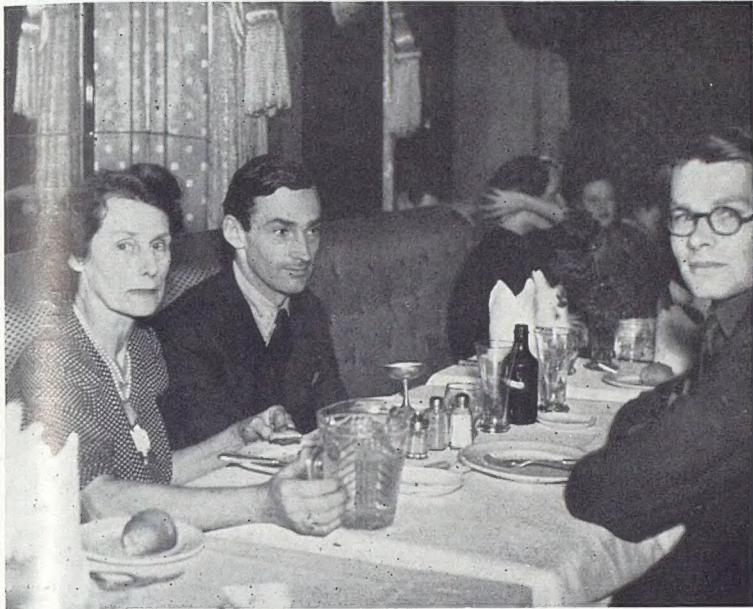
YES, it's a good film, alive and always interesting. Or so they tell me. It is wretchedly acted. Or perhaps I mean that it isn't acted at all, as the French and I understand acting. Hodiak is just Hodiak and he never does anything but Hodiak. Bendix, the only actor in the cast is—when isn't he?—superb. Tierney, about as Sicilian as Agnes Wickfield, acts like a nice little bit of plaise or whiting. The priest looks like any Bourbon plus Sir Osbert Sitwell. The fisherman, the colonel at H.Q., the naval lieutenant, the Military Police officer, Tina's fat mother . . . all are excellent. Or so they tell me. The music is real background, never obtrudes, never overpowers. There is far too much of "Lili Marlene." And that I can hear for myself.

(I could add a bit more, but don't want to, please.)



Johnny Frenchman centres round a feud between the Cornish village of Trevannick and the Breton village of Lanec. On the one side are Nat (Tom Walls) and his daughter Sue (Patricia Roc), and on the other Florrie (Mme Françoise Rosay) and her son Yan (Paul Dupuis). Though the older generation are sworn enemies, the younger are in love; but not until Florrie and her crew tow a floating mine away from the harbour of Trevannick, so saving the village, is there a permanent reconciliation between the Cornishmen and the Bretons. Left: Ralph Michael as a Cornish fisherman. Above: Tom Walls, Françoise Rosay. Right: Paul Dupuis, Patricia Roc

Post-War Pictures in the London Restaurants



Lady Violet Benson, who is an aunt of the Duke of Rutland, was with two of her sons, the Earl of Wemyss and March and Lieutenant Giles Benson



Flight Lieutenant Anthony Bryan, D.F.C., from Canada, Miss Barbara Sutherland, Mr. William Macaulay, who is the twin brother of Lady Vaughan, and Miss Celia Hedley

Photographs at
Bagatelle
and Mirabell
by Swaebe

(Right) Major C. Hodgson, wearing blue patrols, was dining a deux with Mrs. Roper-Caldbeck, who appeared to have seen something interesting



Sir Francis and Lady Winnington who were dining together were married in April of last year. Lady Winnington was formerly Miss Anne Drury-Lowe



Mrs. Macaulay was being entertained by Colonel Thomson of the U.S. Army. She is the mother of Lady Vaughan, the wife of the Earl of Lisburne's son and heir



A young couple who were enjoying a cocktail before dinner were Captain and Mrs. Dochie McGregor



Squadron Leader and Mrs. Stanhope Joel were at a sofa table. Squadron Leader Joel is the owner of that very good horse, "Chammosaire"



The Marquess of Londonderry was listening with attention to what the Marchioness of Londonderry had to say to him



The Hon. Mrs. Macalpine, Lord Bethell's eldest daughter, was dining with her husband, Colonel I. F. Macalpine, who has just returned from abroad

The Theatre

"Lady Windermere's Fan" (Haymarket)

A FASHIONABLE play now some fifty years out of fashion, an audaciously clever, timidly stupid piece of good "theatre," *Lady Windermere's Fan* sets the modern producer a succession of delicate problems. What will his audience make of a husband without comic sense enough to tell his wife that the woman she supposes to be his mistress is really her own mother. How far can he trust the sentiment of 1892 to touch hearts in 1945? How much feeling should Lord Darlington be allowed when he hints

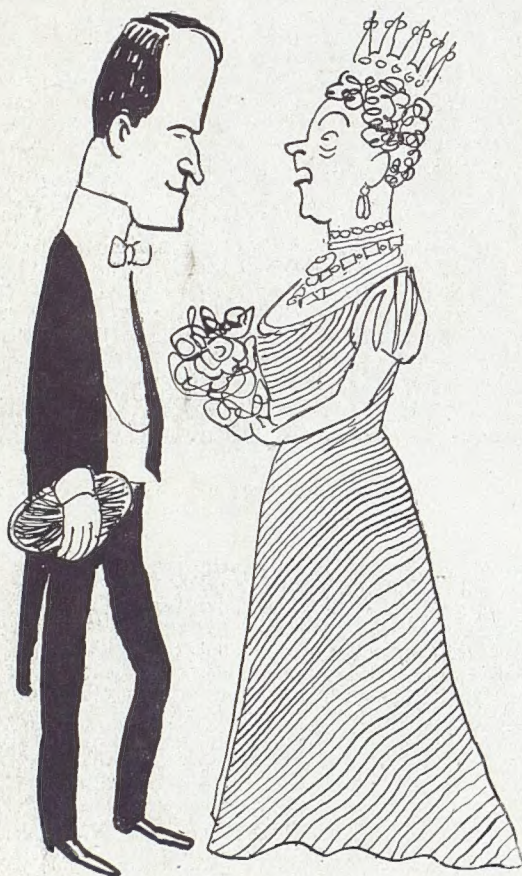
to Lady Windermere that her husband is paying the bills of the notorious Mrs. Erlynne and pleads his own love for her? Should the whole of this storm in a tea-cup be gently formalized and played with a touch of travesty? But if that is the only way, what of Mrs. Erlynne, over whom the author took trouble, drawing her out slowly, revealing her in the Ibsen manner, only little by little and carrying her through to a finely unsentimental end? There is, indeed, no method of production in which we should not find some drawbacks.

MR. JOHN GIELGUD has solved most of these problems quite satisfactorily. His production makes an overwhelming appeal to the eye, and there is a fair chance that any dissatisfaction that is felt with the play and its performance in general will not manage to make itself heard through the chorus of praise for Mr. Cecil Beaton's stage pictures. His reconstruction of aristocratic boudoir and drawing-rooms of the nineties may fairly be called gorgeous, and still more gorgeous is the plumage in which he has decked Wilde's Park Lane birds of paradise. To let the eye wander about this couponless world in which boudoirs are vast canopies of flowers and the drawing-rooms sparkle in the light of diamonds is in these lack-lustre days a welcome refreshment of spirit. Against such a background it should be possible for the company to move with ease and splendour, and the general brilliance should make up to us for what of daring the play has shed since it took the town by storm.

EVIDENTLY that was how Mr. Gielgud hoped it would work out. He calculated, no doubt, that in the light of the period glitter of Mr. Beaton's decorations, the characters themselves would take on a slightly fantastic air and, by speaking every phrase of the dialogue for its shape, give the impression that this fantastic language was the language naturally used by the ladies and gentlemen of the Windermere's set. The method might involve a sacrifice of the possible humanity of the characters, but what they missed in sentiment could be made up to them in glitter. It was a perfectly legitimate and shrewd calculation, but its success depended on a more uniformly accomplished standard of acting than the producer has been able to enforce upon his company.

MISS ATHENE SEYLER as the scandalmongering Duchess of Berwick is a superb figure of comedy and the stage flashes into warm comedy life as soon as she steps upon it. Miss Isabel Jeans, even though her voice would tune more readily to farce than to serious comedy, melts impressively from adventuress into mother. But nobody else is particularly happy. Miss Dorothy Hyson as Lady Windermere is never sufficiently chastened to give Miss Jeans much help in her beautiful final scene, but then Lady Windermere is a selfish and ignorant little puritan who, in spite of what Wilde would have us believe of her repentance, certainly became as bad as ever six months after her narrow escape. But Mr. Gielgud's good intentions as a producer are defeated less by individual shortcomings than by the general failure of his company to exploit the rich incidental drollness of the company and to live up to the splendour of their surroundings. Pinero once remarked that the actors of his young days had beautiful easy manners because there were still beautiful easy manners in real life to invite their imitation. This generation is not so fortunate.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.



The Duchess speaks her mind: Athene Seyler as the Duchess of Berwick, Denys Blakelock as Mr. Cecil Graham

Sketches by
Tom Titt

The root of all the trouble, *Lady Windermere's fan*, is retrieved by the love-sick Darlington (Griffith Jones as Lord Darlington, Dorothy Hyson as Lady Windermere, Isabel Jeans as Mrs. Erlynne, Geoffrey Toone as Lord Windermere)





The Home of Major Nigel Fisher and Lady Gloria Fisher is near Woking

Family Life in a Surrey Home

Lady Gloria Fisher and Her Two Children



Reading is One of Lady Gloria's Favourite Pastimes



Looking Out Over the Terrace Garden



Mark Sees the Funny Side of Life



Amanda Encourages Her Young Brother to Look at the Camera

● Lady Gloria Fisher, eldest daughter of the Earl of Lisburne, married Major Nigel Fisher, Welsh Guards, in 1935. Their daughter, Amanda, was born in 1939 and their son, Mark, nearly ten months ago. Major Fisher, who stood as Conservative candidate for Chislehurst but was not returned, was on active service in Germany when these photographs were taken at his home. He is the son of the late Cdr. Sir Thomas Fisher, K.B.E., R.N., and of Lady Shakespeare, who was a widow when she married Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare in 1926

Photographs by David Gurney

ON AND OFF DUTY

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Opening of Parliament

IT was by the happiest of coincidences that the day on which final victory was at last proclaimed should be that arranged for the State opening of the new Parliament: and both the King, who has never spoken more strongly or with greater feeling, and the Queen, who has surely never looked more regal and gracious, seemed in the House of Lords during the ceremony, and afterwards when they made repeated appearances on the Palace balcony, to be delighted at the double event.

In spite of the rain which marred the first State drive of peacetime, the King ordered the semi-State landaus in which the Royal Party rode to and from Westminster and the Palace to be kept open, and all the occupants reached the Victoria Tower entrance of the Lords well bespattered with rain—a minor inconvenience more than compensated for by the warmth and enthusiasm of the cheering crowds who, contemptuous of the weather, stood for patient hours lining the whole of the Royal route.

In the House

THE debating Chamber—given back to the Lords just for this day by the Commons, who have been using it since their own was destroyed—was crowded, and it was easy to pick out notabilities on every bench and cross-bench, as well as in the side galleries. Though one cannot pretend that the scene was as brilliant as when the peers wear their scarlet and ermine and their womenfolk come in evening dress, yet being summer there was a good display of gay millinery among the peeresses, and particularly among the wives of Ambassadors and Ministers. Mme. Massigli, the wife of the French Ambassador, and Mme. Ruegger, the wife of the Swiss Minister, were outstanding, the former wearing a high turban of white flowers, and the latter a plate-like hat formed of swirls and swirls of white tulle.

Crowded Galleries

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE was wearing black, with a toque of palest pink feather pads; Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, as handsome as ever, was also in black, with pink and black feathers in her hat, and the new Duchess of Sutherland wore her favourite Juliet cap on her longish brown, curly hair. Among the younger women I saw Lady Killearn (who had just flown here from Egypt with her two children, and is staying at Lady Violet Astor's house in Carlton House Terrace before

taking them to a bungalow by the sea), the Marchioness of Lothian (who came with her husband) and the Marchioness of Huntly, who was alone.

Although most peers brought their wives, there were several who, for various reasons, came alone, among them the Earl of Warwick, Viscount Scarsdale and the Earl of Scarbrough. Lord Fairfax came with his mother, who sat by Lady Newborough, one of many wearers of a small white flower hat, Viscountess Esher and Viscountess Rothermere being others. Close to one another I saw Lady Leathers, in the amusing little black hat, trimmed with a narrow edging of white feathers, Lady Croft and Lady Woolton. Pale grey was a favourite colour: Viscountess Davidson wore it, and so did Viscountess Simon and Lady Wakehurst. Mrs. Attlee, Mrs. Bevin and the Hon. Lady Cripps sat together in a side gallery not far from the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and the wife of the new Attorney-General, Lady Hartley Shawcross, very cheery-looking in a scarlet coat and white hat swathed in masses of white veiling.

When the Commons arrived to take up their places below the Bar, I noticed that Mr. Attlee had Mr. Bevin and Miss Ellen Wilkinson by him, while Mr. Churchill stood with Mr. Eden and Sir John Anderson, with the mob of Members surging behind them.

Royal Speech

THE King read his speech in a deep, ringing voice very reminiscent of his father, and looked well in his uniform of Admiral of the Fleet. The Queen was quite lovely in her long frock of light turquoise-blue, made with a decided train which draped around her feet most gracefully as she took her seat on the throne by the King. Her little hat, a frothy mass of blue to match, was most becoming, and when the lights were turned up the diamonds nestling in it sparkled brilliantly, as did the bracelets she wore on her left wrist.

The Duchess of Northumberland, as Mistress of the Robes, took her place by Her Majesty, and, as usual, was a stately figure, wearing a love-in-the-mist blue dress and small hat. Getting away from the House of Lords was the usual crush and scramble for cars, but as loud-speakers were installed to announce the name of the owner of each car as it came up, the result was better than might have been expected, and reflected great credit on the Duke of Beaufort, who, as Master of the Horse, bears the ultimate responsibility for all Royal road processions, and Col. Dermot Kavanagh, the Crown Equerry,



Gill, Mallock

Bakewell Show and Gymkhana

Lady Andrew Cavendish, presented the prizes at the Bakewell show and gymkhana in aid of the Red Cross. She is seen with her small daughter Emma, who was awarded second prize in the Children's Pony Class, and rides her mount with a determined air



Brodrick Vernon

Lady Brougham and Vaux

At the entrance of her charming little house in Montpelier Place, Knightsbridge, Lady Brougham and Vaux is seen with her Irish setter, Mike. She married Lord Brougham and Vaux in 1942



At a sofa table for two were Capt. P. A. L. Hackforth-Jones, Middlesex Yeomanry, who was escorting Mrs. Colin Pitman



The Marquess and Marchioness of Lothian, whose son and heir was born in July of this year, were with Mme. Ruegger, the wife of the Swiss Minister in London



The Marquess of Lansdowne was listening to Lady Irene Haig, whose engagement to Capt. Gavin Astor was recently announced

Dinner and Light Conversation in Two of London's Restaurants

Photographs at Bagatelle and Mirabell by Swarbe



Devonshire Wedding

Capt. Basil Sparrow, M.C., Coldstream Guards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sparrow, of Ball Copse Hall, Brent Knoll, Somerset, married Miss Patricia Cox, only daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Henry and Lady Cox, of Little Winter, Rocombe, Uplyme, at the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Uplyme



Married in Northern Ireland

Lt. Derek J. G. Holroyde, R.N.V.R., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Holroyde, of Bickley, Kent, married Miss Peggy Joy Lucille Edgerton-Bird, B.A., elder daughter of Cdr. George S. Edgerton-Bird, R.N., and Mrs. Edgerton-Bird, of Admiralty Estate, Antrim, Northern Ireland



Scottish Wedding

Lt. Michael B. McNabb, The Royal Scots, son of Mr. H. H. and Mrs. McNabb, of Buckley Close, Prestbury, Cheshire, married Miss Anne E. Thorburn, youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. W. Thorburn, D.S.O., Lord Lieutenant of Peebles-shire, and Mrs. W. Thorburn



State Opening of Parliament on V.J. Day: the Peers Leaving the House of Lords

The Earl of Normanton and Lord Sempill left the House of Lords together. Lord Normanton married Lady Fiona Fuller, daughter of the fourth Marquess of Camden, last year

A family party at the State Opening were Lord Woolton, former Minister of Food, with Lady Woolton and their son and heir, the Hon. Roger Marquis, who is in the R.A.F.

Lady Willoughby de Broke, looking very smart, is seen leaving the House of Lords followed by Lord Willoughby de Broke, who is a Group Captain in the R.A.F.

who handles most of the detailed perplexities of the organisation.

Eve of Opening Party

LADY STRABOLGI'S eve of the Opening of Parliament cocktail-party was a pleasant gathering, at which many members of the Cabinet in the new Government were present, and from five to seven there was a constant stream of arrivals of Labour M.P.s and their wives. Lady Strabolgi, who looked very smart in a scarlet frock, had Lord Strabolgi to help entertain their guests, amongst whom early ones were the Lord Chancellor with Lady Jowitt, and the Minister of Civil Aviation, Lord Winster, with his wife, who sat by a window chatting with Lady Strabolgi's mother, Mrs. Francis.

The Earl of Listowel, Lord Southwood and Lord Faringdon came alone, and so did Lady Noel-Buxton. Mrs. Attlee, wearing wine-red allied with dark blue, brought a message from

the Prime Minister to say how much he regretted he was detained at the last moment. She was soon in conversation with the Brazilian Ambassador. Other diplomats there were the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, the Swiss Minister and Mme. Ruegger (who looked very smart in one of the new full-skirted frocks in black-and-white tartan taffetas with a bright-green stripe matching the green of her large swathed tulle turban), the Mexican Ambassador, accompanied by Señorita de Rosenzweig Dias, and the Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Wellington Koo, in a well-cut yellow jacket to her modified Chinese dress.

Premiere

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE is acting as chairman of a committee for the world premiere of a new film featuring Robert Donat, called *Perfect Strangers*, which will be shown at the Empire, Leicester Square, to-morrow evening

in aid of the Victoria League. The Duchess, who came on from the Opening of Parliament, made a charming and most informative speech, explaining the important work done by the League in cementing the friendship between the various Dominions and the Home Country. A sum of £10,000 is needed for new club premises, and it was good to learn that Sir Alexander Korda had already bought £2000 worth of seats. Lady Slessor, the deputy chairman, was present, and the vice-presidents include Lady Diana Dixon, the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan and Sir Alexander Korda.

Small Bags Everywhere

REPORTS of the opening of the grouse-shooting season are that birds are very scarce everywhere again this year. From Logie House, Lord Mansfield's party on the opening day had the smallest bag since 1913. The best bag on the first day in this district was shot by Mr. Tom

(Concluded on page 280)

Pony Club in Perthshire

The First of its Kind in Perthshire, the Seggieden Pony Club Holds its Opening Gymkhana



Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay was sharing a joke with Gen. A. E. Beck, who was one of the officials at the Gymkhana, and his daughter, Miss Tim Beck. Lady Margaret's husband, Major Jimmie Drummond-Hay, is Laird of Seggieden



The Countess of Mansfield and Mrs. Michael Nairn watched an event together. Lady Mansfield was the former Miss Dorothy Carnegie, and is the wife of the present Earl, who succeeded his father in 1935



A very young rider was Little Lucy Drummond-Moray, whose mother is a daughter of Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott and a cousin of the Duchess of Gloucester

● The Seggieden Pony Club was recently inaugurated by the Duke of Hamilton's younger sister, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, and held its opening gymkhana recently. The Club, which is the first of its kind in Perthshire, already has a membership of some fifty-five children up to the age of eighteen. Seggieden, where Lady Drummond-Hay and her young family are spending the summer, is the Scottish home of her husband, Major Jimmie Drummond-Hay, Coldstream Guards, who is at present on active service with the Army in the East

Photographs by Brodrick Vernon



Lady Malvina Murray, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield's young daughter, is an extremely competent young horsewoman



Lady Abertay, whose three daughters all took part in the gymkhana, was chatting to Mrs. Scott Dempster, who is a daughter of the late Bishop of Dunkeld and St. Andrews



The recently-elected Conservative Member for Glasgow Central, Lt.-Col. J. R. H. Hutchison, put in a lot of hard work as a judge at the Gymkhana. For four months before D-Day he operated with the Maquis in France



Mrs. J. R. H. Hutchison, who is the wife of Lt.-Col. Hutchison, came over from For-gandenny with her small son, Peter, to watch the gymkhana



Right: Two keen young horse-women photographed with their mounts were the Hon. Margaret and the Hon. June Barrie, who are daughters of Lady Abertay. Their home, Tullybelton, is near Aberfeldy



Mme. Jaques Robert, whose husband worked valiantly with the Maquis during the occupation of France, was there with her two small daughters, Chental and Maryann



A father and daughter were Mr. John Drummond, Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine's brother-in-law, and his daughter, April, who came over from Megginch Castle

Viscount Stormont, who is an Etonian, was holding an extremely decorative canine companion belonging to his mother, Lady Mansfield

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE recent ascent of the east wall of the Zinal-Rothorn by two Genevese climbers seems to us to indicate that the citizens of Geneva are in a state of what the Army calls "dumb insolence" again, flouting the Alpine Club of Great Britain, and behaving as if the Alps belonged to them, God forbid.

Living in Geneva makes this state periodical, we guess. We noticed during a visit some years ago that the entire frightful city was in a condition of dumb, icy, bitter, lumpish resentment and despair, partly inherited, partly due to the League of Nations boys in its midst, despite their money. The principal *cordon bleu* attached to the suite of M. Albert Thomas of the International Labour Bureau was no longer cheered, as formerly, in the streets. A weary-eyed night-club hostess described one of the most dignified Nordic delegates to us as a camel (*chameau*). Asked for his views, a glowering squareheaded tobacconist savagely ground his teeth and refused to speak at all. One might have been back in the days when their dictator Calvin used to clap the Genevese into prison for whistling a tune. In such a smouldering mood the citizens of Geneva are liable to climb any Alp they see, just to infuriate the Alpine Club, and if Arnold Lunn's hat were stuck up on a pole in the market-place tomorrow, we bet they'd refuse to salute it.

Solution

WHAT has set them off this time is not difficult to conjecture. All that recent gush of vague, woozy, delicious Press optimism over the future of a world in the hands of sportsmen who know how to make atomic bombs has given the Genevese a grue. It sounds too much like last time. They can smell the League (warm oil—*pfui*!) on their doorstep again.

Affair

FELLOW-LOVERS of the Great Western Railway will perhaps consider, like us, that "new and powerful" type of passenger-locomotive, just introduced, to be a sign of weakness and even decadence. It is the sort of thing the Southern puts on the Brighton line to amuse fractious stockbrokers; the sort of thing the Midland puts on to enable frantic cotton-kings to escape more quickly from Manchester. A system serving Tintagel and Lyonesse should know better.

Rich women often ask us how our affair with the G.W.R., one of the great platonic love-stories of the age, began. It began one day years ago when, in one of their trains, we passed through a station in the Welch wilds called Strata Florida, surely the most



"Shall I wrap it up, or did you wish to throw it at me?"

beautiful place-name in these islands, preserved from a vanished abbey near by. We at once made eager inquiries about the Board. Obviously gentlemen, in every sense of the word, they seemed to us of an exquisite taste and sensibility, free from the objectionable habits one finds in most Boards. We longed to know the Chairman. At length we were introduced, and complimented him on his lovely Welch station. He was deprecating courtesy itself.

"Nay, Sir, 'tis but a trifle. To bring beauty into the lives of the public is the constant pre-occupation of my Board."

"Sir, that is indeed a noble aspiration for any railway."

He rose and paced the room, thinking deeply, and said suddenly:

"You appear, Sir, to be a true lover of beauty. I have an exquisitely fair daughter. If you would care to marry her it would be delightful alike to myself, the General Traffic Manager, the Publicity Manager, and the manager of the Refreshment-Room on Platform I. The dowry is a trifle, I admit. A mere £50,000. But if the suggestion should please you—?"

We readily agreed to consider this very polite offer. Whether we ultimately accepted it or not we cannot remember after all this time, but ever since then we have had such a passionate *béguin* for the G.W.R. itself as can hardly be expressed in the presence of the memsahibs. It is (as the Fish Traffic Manager remarked pensively only recently) a white flame, like Dante's love for Beatrice, and frightfully disconcerting to the Accounts Dept.

Lug

QUOTING Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch's celebrated description of the grand pianoforte as "the impurest, beastliest



Authors

"Well actually, it's going to be a poster for a school of memory training"

instrument the world has ever known," a critic boy seemed to be stifling a snigger. The cure for that is a clavichord course of Bach and Couperin, and in extreme cases a good rap on the scone with a recorder, rebeck, cithern, or ribible.

The ghostly delicacy of these ancient instruments is not for every modern ear, obviously; least of all the huge flapping cauliflower appendages which enable some music critics to keep their billycock hats on. As with the chap in the Anatole France story, these immense ears are the sole richness of a weak, arid, and impoverished organism. They certainly look glorious when the summer sun shines through them, lending them a deep voluptuous translucent crimson glow, but the sun shines so rarely in these islands that few would care to make a long journey on the off-chance of witnessing this Nature spectacle.

There's a gay, delicious tantivy tune which one of the Couperins wrote for the clavichord, called *La Chasse*. Evidently hard men to hounds in the 17th century also had more sensitive ears than we find nowadays, though equally fond of rude words and raving with ignoble passion. What eminent composer would compliment modern hunting men with such grace, on such a charming instrument? Next time you see a leading pack in the Shires break from scent to view, stop the Master and ask him. And watch his ears particularly.

Urge

A THINKER who described the Japanese as "suffering from frustration-complex" seemed to imply that this would render them weak, tearful, and unable to work for some time. We doubt it. Nobody was more frustrated than the Brontës (Emily, Charlotte, Anne), for example, yet "Les 3 Frustration Girls," as they were called at the Casino de Paris, wielded their trusty pens with twice the vim of the average booksy girl with wild eyes and untidy hair.

Frustration breeds a dark kind of energy, a Harley Street chap assures us; for example, Napoleon at St. Helena, making his unfortunate secretary Las Cases put in 15 hours a day at his memoirs. Our specialist attributed the eternal mystery of philately to the same cause. Having studied our Freud, we contradicted him at once.

"Surely philately is merely an obscure form of sublimation of the sex-instinct?"

"Philatelists have no sex-instinct."

"Rubbish! They frequently marry!"

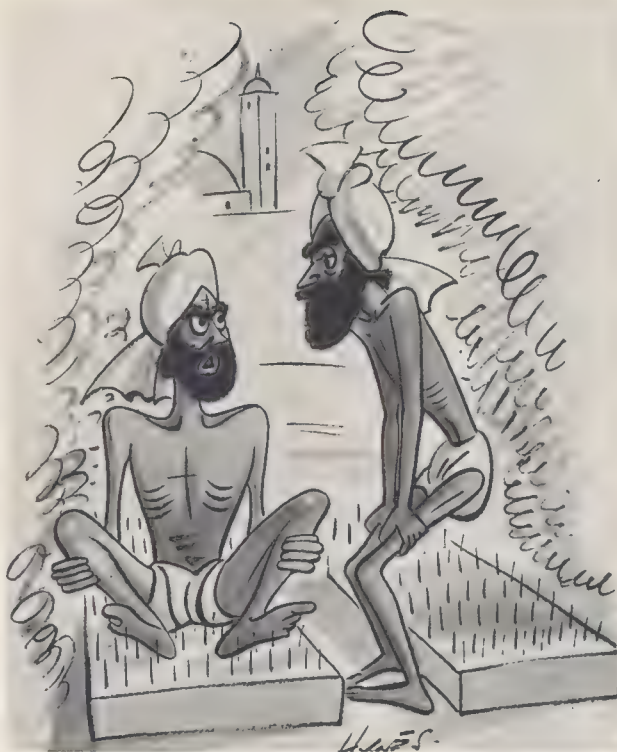
"They marry because they need somebody constantly at hand with a tongue out in case they want to stick a bit of gummed paper on to another bit."

"A wet sponge would do."

"Certainly, but it wouldn't satisfy the frustrated urge to dominate and to exploit—the Attila-complex, as we call it."

"Very few women will hang round all day with their tongue out waiting for a philatelist to dab a bit of gummed paper on it."

"Precisely. That is why they are soundly beaten once a week, like rugs."



"Well, supposin' we get down to brass tacks"

We'd have to look at some philatelists' wives' tongues before this convinced us. But as they are kept in purdah, you never meet them at parties.

Getaway

A LOT of credit for the record sales at this year's Royal Academy, one of the exhibiting boys was telling us, is due to the personality of the President, Mr. Munnings, who never lets British Art get him down.

By electing all his life to paint horses rather than people who go round looking like horses, Mr. Munnings has been able (this chap added) to live in what Dr. Johnson called "the broad sunshine of life," whereas many portrait-painters are morbid and unhappy men, dabbling listlessly away at their canvases and lacking the energy to toss their subject a last lump of sugar and make a clean break. Yet there is a precedent. The Academy's one and only American President, Benjamin West, Reynolds's successor, suddenly grew sick of reproducing the Island Pan, broke into the big-scale romantic-classical market—see his enormous "Regulus" in Kensington Palace—and made a fortune. Yet even he was not so happy as (say) George Stubbs, who painted real horses all his life and never knew that dazed feeling the portrait boys get when yet another dowager prances in and ascends the model's throne, neighing and laying her ears back.

Footnote

ONE desperate way out is to add a set of antlers, like Landseer, and call the picture "At Bay," or "Highland Reverie," or, like Rosa Bonheur, to paint the annual general meeting of the M.C.C. from behind and call it "Horse Fair." Another way is to ask Mr. Munnings to add four legs and a tail to "Mrs. Gowler (Sunset)" and call it "In the Paddock." The thing not to do is just to sit and cry, as so many of the art boys do.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"It must be a good deal under proof, Major Crick. I've had two mug-fulls and you still look as repugnant as ever"

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Behind the Smiles

DO.A.H.—One of you wrote me that the hot spell in England had come to an end "with thunderstorms and ensuing coolness! We wish a little dampness would come our way. Last week-end I had to rush someone across France in a south-westerly direction, and we nearly died of the heat. The countryside is just one brown-coloured sizzle and, 'orrid' detail, in reptilian districts the snakes are squirming across the roads from the baked rocks and sun-scorched fields towards the valleys; in search of water, and being less trained than chickens in the art of dodging the traffic, the result is narky! Stopping for petrol at Limoges, I noticed something hanging under the car and discovered a viper with its tail jammed into a shock-absorber but still able to attend to business with its other end, could it have got free. It didn't!

THE energy of Parisians is amazing. The theatres, music halls and cinemas are crowded. The night-clubs that are still open—the Lido and Tabarin have closed down till September—pack at least three couples to the square yard on their dancing-floors, and the orchestras work overtime. As a tow-headed G.I. remarked: "I've been in a heluvalot of hot places since this war started, but this is the hottest!" And I have still to determine whether he was alluding to the atmosphere of the place or the swooney-eyed, fluffy-maned, short-kilted limpet that had plastered itself to him from chest to knee. The bigger and more famous night-clubs have closed their doors not so much on account of the heat and the necessity of giving their employees the congés payés (paid holidays) that the law exacts, but because of a dearth of champagne. The champagne exists all right—at Reims—but they have nothing to put it in. Two "empties" are

required for one full bottle, and "empties" are hard to find. The boys on leave have a joyous little way of going off with the bottles at closing-time (and sometimes the ice-bucket as well—if they can get away with it) and continuing the party in the street. There are always dozens of chairs stacked on the sidewalk outside the many cafés of the Champs Elysées. They can help themselves and get all set and comfy for the rest of the night—unless the M.P.s interfere—and when the bottles are empty they set them up and have cockshies at them. The crystalline, clinking sound of broken glass being swept up by the street-cleaners at dawn has taken the place of the rattle of the milk-carts discharging their cans, milk being rarer than ever, and arriving—when it does—at the hottest hours of the day, when it is most likely to "turn." We live in strange times of want and waste, my Merry Masters, strange times! If, in this town, we sat down and counted our miseries—or would it be better to say our anxieties?—instead of our blessings, we'd all go plain bug-house (I hope this slang expression is still current), so we do our best to grin and saxophone while the kindling smoulders!

SOME nice people who keep a-smiling while doing all they can to make the world a happier place than it is sometimes, are the members of the Pan-American Club, founded by some prominent South American and French lovers of les Beaux Arts. The idea of having this Club was born in a concentration camp, where several internees got together with their French friends and found that they shared many ideals and hopes for the future. Those that returned carried on the good work, and the Club has been registered in the French Journal Officiel of January 7th, 1944. The President, M. Luis

Ulman, proposes the interchange of books and plays and travel facilities for members in the various countries to which the members of the Club belong. Travel evidently depends on more than their own good will, but things are looking up, and soon one hopes to see the queues line up outside Cook's and other travel agencies same-like the good old days instead of the night-long and mile-long ones we see outside the railway stations. One of the happy little joys of the moment is the way the Black Market has got hold of the railway booking-office in France. One waits half a day (and most of the night) to book a seat to Wherever-one-wants-to-go and when one gets to the ticket-office window one learns that all the available seats are already booked. . . . One toddles round the corner, however, and tackles the first (or second or third) railway porter one comes across. He will obtain whatever one desires in a few minutes if the rustling inducement extracted from one's pocket-book is sufficiently eloquent. It seems that the Authorities—with a very big A—are going to do something about it, but meanwhile . . . ? Not pretty, but there it is! As the French saying goes: "One must hurry to laugh about it in order not to cry!"

IT is because of this state of affairs that our ambulances are kept so busy. There are not many ambulance trains, and the few that are formed never seem to go where the people we transport want to go. One of my trips took me to Lourdes. This Miracle Mart is now functioning rallentando. There seem to be few "pilgrims" but any amount of refugees, and, of course, hundreds of American soldiers on leave. The Grotto, hung with the crutches of those whose prayers have been heard and who have walked away from the healing spring, holds immense fascination for our overseas Allies, and while many, on their knees, are absorbed in prayer, one hears, at the back of the railed-off space where the devout gather, the ceaseless clicking of Kodak shutters testifying to the American soldier's love of collecting souvenirs. Lourdes is not a particularly gay place for lads on leave, but they certainly seem to appreciate the sunshine and the scenery.

PRISCILLA.



Paris Chooses Her Marianne: the Face of the Fourth French Republic

Monsieur Georges Saupique, Professor of l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts of Paris, was the sculptor who created the bust of Marianne selected by the jury. The three sculptors who competed all had entirely different style

M. Hubert Yencesse, another of the three sculptors who was chosen to compete in the contest, is seen in conversation with the model of the winning Marianne, who is a twenty-one-year-old mannequin at one of the famous dressmakers

As M. Saupique was unable to find a taxi to take his Marianne to the jury for the judging of the contest, he strapped her on the back of his bicycle and took her on a tour through the streets of Paris. His creation looks slightly martial, but classical and strangely feminine



Two members of Mrs. More-O'Ferrall's house-party who were interested spectators at Phoenix Park were Major and Mrs. Derrick Morley



Major David McCall and Mrs. Peter FitzGerald were studying their race-cards. Major McCall is a nephew of Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, and Mrs. FitzGerald is the wife of Cdr. Peter FitzGerald, Mondellihy Stud, Adare



Mrs. Trundle, the new Master this season of the Galway Blazers, and Mrs. Patrick Grey, who is an ex-Joint-Master of the West Waterford Hounds and the wife of Lt. Patrick Grey, Warwickshire Yeomanry

Irish Racing

An August Meeting at Phoenix Park, Dublin

The crowds at the Phoenix Park races were the largest seen since pre-war days, and in very hot sunshine they saw Mr. R. McIlhagga's Momentum win the Phoenix Plate of £1500; the Aga Khan's colt, Claro was second, with Maal, Mr. J. McGrath's filly, third. Many well-known Irish and English racing personalities were there, including Capt. the Earl Fitzwilliam, and Major McCalmont, who won the Irish Derby this year with Piccadilly and last year with Slide On

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Brig. Baron de Robeck, M.B.E., R.A., came with his wife. Baron de Robeck's seat is Gowan Grange, in the heart of the Kildare country, while his family have been associated for generations with the Kildare Hunt



Two sisters who went racing together were Lady Prichard-Jones, who is the wife of Capt. Sir John Prichard-Jones, Queen's Bays, and Miss Heather Nugent. They are both daughters of Sir Walter Nugent, of Donore, County Westmeath



Miss Diana Cockell, Capt. Ian Galloway, Seaforth Highlanders, and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy, who is a sister of Viscountess Jocelyn, made a cheerful trio. Capt. Galloway's seat is Annestown House, Annestown, Co. Waterford



Capt. Earl Fitzwilliam was chatting to Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy, who is a sister of the late Duke of Grafton. Earl Fitzwilliam succeeded his father in 1943, and his home in Ireland is Coollattin, Shillelagh, County Wicklow



Major Dermot and Mrs. McCalmont were together. Major McCalmont has been Master of the Kilkenny Hounds since 1921. He is a Steward of the Irish Turf Club and a very famous owner and breeder

Melodrama in the Orkneys

"Duet for Two Hands," by Mary Hayley Bell,
at the Lyric Theatre



Cass: "I had no idea the islands held such peace"
Edward Sarclet returns to his home in the Orkneys
with Stephen Cass, on whom he has performed a
miraculous operation (John Mills, Elwyn Brook-Jones)



Cass: "Who played this music to you, Abigail? Who was it?"
Stephen Cass who has been given another pair of hands when his own were
amputated after an accident, plays the melody which frightens Sarclet's
daughter, Abigail (Elwyn Brook-Jones, Elspeth March, John Mills, Mary Morris)

Photograph



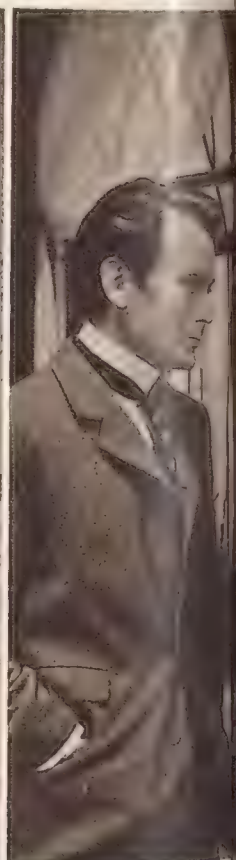
Cass: "You rend my heart with your tears and your roses and your
folded hands"

Abigail learns from her father that Stephen's hands are those of the man she loved,
who was hanged as a murderer. She goes out on the hills late into the night in an
agony of wretchedness, while Stephen does not know the reason of her unhappiness



Sarclet: "Who's in trouble?"

Cass: "You are, my dear Edward. They've gone"
Stephen, now in full knowledge that his hands are those of
a supposed murderer, faces Sarclet in the early hours of the
morning, telling him that his sister and daughter have left him



Cass: "You need never
That was unforgotten"

Stephen bitterly blames Sarclet
covers that it should have
been hanged for murder.

● Set in an eighteenth-century castle in the Orkneys, Mary Hayley Bell's *Duet for Two Hands* is a masterpiece of suspense and drama. The sensitive young poet, who has another man's hands grafted on to his wrists, is played with great restrained power and imagination by John Mills, who has one of the finest speaking voices on the English stage. - Elwyn Brook-Jones, as the surgeon of genius and hysterical ego-maniac, gives an excellent, highly-strung performance, while Mary Morris's wild girl of the islands is full of the "fey" charm of the Highland Scot. The play is produced by John Mills, and Anthony Pélissier, who also designed the decor



Abigail: "Stephen, your hand is hurt!"

While drinking to Sarclet's success as a surgeon, Stephen accidentally cuts himself on a broken glass. To his horror, he has to let Abigail peel the gloves off his strange hands so that the injured one may be dressed

Cecil Beaton



brought me to the Orkneys.
and damnable"
or what has happened, and dis-
arctlet himself who should have
on tortured hands are innocent

Abigail: "What's all right? What's all right? What's all right?"

Father and daughter quarrel bitterly over Stephen's hands. Abigail never forgives Sarclet for telling her whom the hands belonged to, while he is frightened by the fierceness of her anger



Abigail: "I hope the islands like you"

Cass: "So do I"

Stephen and Abigail at the first moment of meeting know they have met before, and fall in love



Cass: "Guy, it's all over now. Rest, rest..."

Stephen is attacked by Sarclet, but finds the hands take possession of him, trying to seek their revenge on the real murderer, and Sarclet dies of a heart attack from fear. Stephen tells the owner of the hands that his spirit can now rest for ever



Among the judges were Mr. Noel Wenman, Mr. W. A. Pugh, Major Cantrell-Hubbersty, Miss E. Morley, Sir Berkeley Pigott, Mr. R. Bromley and Capt. Howson

Horse and Pony Show

At Syston, Leicestershire

Right:
Ringside seats were
found by Sir W.
Lindsay Everard,
Lady Everard and
Miss Audrey Coy



Major G. A. Catley rode Gay Musketeer, winner of the First Prize in Class 2 Lightweight Hunter



The Marsh Equitation Test Cup, open to any Pony Club branch (14 to 21 years of age), was won by Miss E. Ross-Wilson with her pony David



Little Jane Needham won the Birkin Challenge Cup for members of the Quorn Hunt for the third year in succession. She is mounted on Caravan Bess



Mr. Charles Cornell presented the Peggy Cornell Cup for the best Mountain or Moorland Pony to Miss E. Morley and Pendock Bamby



The President of the Welsh Mountain Society, Mr. W. A. Pugh, was the judge of Mrs. Cornell's entry, Mousey



A quiet interlude found Mrs. McMullen, Miss S. Wright and Miss J. Neighbour with pony Mary and terrier Rupert in the car-park

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

Uranus

IF it is recalled that this gentleman was the sire of Hyperion, his quite intimate connection with the turf will be at once realised! The volatile substance, named after him, has now compelled us to reckon time in the pre-atomic and post-atomic (if any) period, for even the blind can see that everything in the future must hinge upon that little word "if." A famous Shakespearean wit has assured us that it is the only peace-maker. That may

remain a truth, if we spell the first of the last two words with an "i." Uranus was the Universe, and he hated his children. How correct were the mythologists! For it is evident that he is still able to send us all to Tartarus to punish us, as must be presumed, for being such rubber-necks and not leaving him and his atoms alone. This belief is strongly reinforced by the uncomfortable discovery by an erudite American general officer that, no matter how peaceful things may look, if someone on the other side of the earth took it into his head that he wanted the world, all he would have to do would be to press the button and send an atomic projectile sizzling through the stratosphere, with the absolute certainty that it could not miss its selected target. It is all most uncomfortable, and almost makes us wonder whether it is worth while worrying about whether Dante is really sound enough to win the Leger, or Mr. H. G. Wells is a reincarnation of the prophet Daniel. "Then fancy, while thou art, thou art but what thou shalt be—Nothing—thou shalt not be less!" (Another famous Tipster.)

Straws

THEY usually show which way the wind is blowing, for the best of all possible reasons—namely, that they have no say in the matter. August 11th: Dante 6 to 4 on; August 13th: no price; August 15th: Dante 6 to 4 on; August 18th: Dante even money and only one bookmaker ready to trade, and one of them asking the question in capital letters, "Will Dante Run?"; August 20th: total silence; August 21st: Dante 5 to 4 against. Aug. 22nd Dante 7 to 4 so what? The story is quite easy to read: they do not believe Matt Peacock, Dante's trainer; in which I suggest they are wrong; and they do not believe the newspaper correspondents, who said that he had had a six-furlong "gallop," in which they were quite right. He was not "galloped"; Nevett rode him a nice working pace over that distance, and he pulled up none the worse. We have got to find out whether he is going to stand the tuning-up which obviously is necessary. Most of the layers must have a bad book over the Leger, and nothing would suit them better than

(Concluded on page 276)



War Mothers and Tennis Champions

Three war mothers who are also International tennis players are Mrs. Effie Peters, Mrs. Menzies, the former Kay Stammers, and Mrs. Dowdeswell.



D. R. Stuart

Reunion in London

Lt. Bernard Destremeau, a French Davis Cup representative of pre-war days, last met Lt. R. Abdelessam and Lt. Col. E. Tintling two years ago in Algiers, where they were all on active service

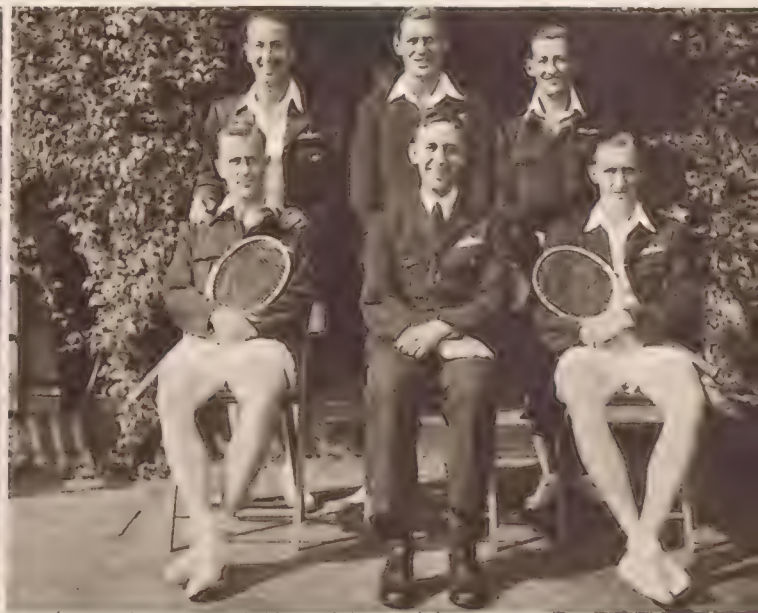
Former Greek Tennis Champion

Lady Crosfield, who used to play for her native country at Wimbledon, brought the widow of the late Greek Prime Minister, Mme. Venizelos, to watch the tennis matches. Another interested spectator with her was Paul Crosfield



International Tennis Club of Great Britain Meet the R.A.A.F.

Lady Crosfield kindly invited the International Club of Great Britain to hold their first post-war tennis meeting on her courts at West Hill, Highgate, where they met the R.A.A.F. Sitting: Charles Hare, John Olliff (captain), Nigel Sharpe; standing: Peter Young, Henry Billington, Eric Peters, Brian Finnigan, Donald McPhail



D. R. Stuart

The R.A.A.F., who are honorary members of the International Club, drew with the International Club of Great Britain in the first meeting held since 1939. There were three matches in all. The R.A.A.F. team—sitting: William Sidwell, R. Fisher (captain), R. Felan; standing: N. de Voss, Gordon Schwartz, J. Mehaffy



Military Race Meeting Held in Holland: The Hilversum Stakes

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

that something should happen to open the market. None of them can have managed to get much field money. If things suddenly switched, and a market in which four or five of them are backed came about, plus the always useful contribution of the thing called "Mug's Money," how much more comforting that might be. The position, as I see it, is that if the favourite goes to the post it may still very well be a one-horse race. Those who have been lucky enough not to have had to buy their money will sit pat. As for the rest, the only safe course seems to be to "play the ponies" for places, and not to expect much profit. How can there be any, excepting, perhaps, in the case of Blue Smoke, who is at 7 to 1 as this leaves me at present. A quarter of seven is not much, but it is better than a quarter of three or six. Stirling Castle is at two's, Rising Light at sevens, and Chamossaire at sevens. The Leger is only just round the corner. If Dante is himself, there is only one thing to say. If Blue Smoke has been put alongside Hobo with satisfactory results, then she must be almost the same thing as Rising Light and Stirling Castle. Of the last two, I personally prefer His Majesty's colt. As to other things, let us hope that Sky High's Windsor display does not mean that we have got to reckon with another temperamental one. That word means half-temper and half-mental in both horses and humans. Sky High, badly in at the weights, it is true, would have nothing to say to it, planted and took no part in the contest. This is not encouraging. He is not engaged in the Gimcrack (September 6th), and Frank Butters seems to have that race in his pocket—Rivaz, Leventina, the recent Windsor

winner, and Khaled. It is difficult to pick one to beat his selected, even though we do not yet know how good Gulf Stream may be. Purely as a personal opinion, I say "very good."

A Soldiers' Meeting at Hilversum

You cannot keep good men down—not that the First Canadian Corps every felt that way, for the moment they had stopped things flying about in Holland they ran a race meeting, and did it thoroughly well, as I gather from some notes kindly sent me, and from some pictures which naturally I handed over to my good Editor. Major Tom Willes, who rode the winner of the principal race, is in the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, one of the many British units in the Command. Note as follows:—

It might be of interest to your readers to hear details of a successful military race meeting venture recently concluded in B.L.A.

Early in June Lieut.-General C. Foulkes, commanding the First Canadian Corps with H.Q. at Hilversum, Holland, had the idea of getting a military flat race meeting going in the area, for the benefit of the troops and civilians.

Major T. V. W. Willes, R.G.H., was appointed secretary, and the local track was chosen for the meeting. With the complete co-operation of the secretary of the local race club, and of the Dutch Jockey Club, arrangements were rushed ahead. The course was completely re-railed and a roof put on the stand, a new paddock laid out, while many other reparations were done by the Royal Engineers of First Canadian Corps. The Club was named the Maple Leaf Race Club, and twelve Dutch racehorses, bred in France or Belgium, were leased to the Club by the Dutch Jockey Club. These horses were put under the charge of Lieut. Richard Blunt, who trained jumpers at Lambourn before the war. In addition, eight captured German chargers were also put into training. A French jockey called Ricard acted as head lad, and the horses were quickly got

Tomi, by Motley out of Iyona, with Major T. V. W. Willes up, was the winner of the Hilversum Stakes. Major Willes is in the Gloucestershire Hussars, and is the hon. secretary of the Maple Leaf Race Club

into condition. The first meeting was held on June 16th, barely three weeks after the original decision to race was made. Owing to the Dutch law, the "Tote" was only available to military personnel, but business was brisk. The card consisted of one Dutch professional jockeys' race, one open amateurs' race, two soldiers' races, all these run under Dutch Jockey Club rules, with one race for the chargers under Club rules. Three trotting races, on which the Dutch public are very keen, completed the programme. The distances of the races ranged between 5 furlongs and 1½ miles. The Club was lucky at the last moment to get Lieut.-Colonel Jack Wetherell, the Jockey Club judge from the north, as Clerk of the Course, and judge. A crowd of 12,000 people saw an excellent day's racing in glorious weather. The meeting was attended by H.R.H. Prince Bernhard and General H. D. G. Crerar, commanding the First Canadian Army. After this, two more meetings were held on June 23rd and June 30th, both being well attended. A champagne bar added an Ascot touch to the proceedings.

A picture of the finish of the Hilversum Stakes, run over a mile and won by Tomi, ridden by Major Tom Willes, and another of the winner being led in, appear on this page. This six-year-old grey horse by Motley out of Iyona is one of the best horses in Holland, and has won four races off the reel this season.

Racing has now started at The Hague, which has a very nice course, not unlike Lingfield. It is hoped to race there over hurdles in August.



Waiting for the starting order were Brig. Mark Roddick and Mrs. Mark Roddick, who were chatting to Miss Butchart on the starter's horse. The fields were again very small at Windsor



Studying their race-cards were Comtesse Albert de Mun and two well-known racehorse owners, the Earl of Carnarvon and Capt. the Hon. Lionel Montagu, who is an uncle of Lord Swaythling



G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig, who is a keen racegoer, and who was appointed Personal Air Secretary to Sir Archibald Sinclair in 1940, was having a word with W.A.A.F. Sgt. Miss Charlton, Miss Dorothy Paget's secretary

Three Photographs from Here and There at the Royal Windsor Races



Viscountess Powerscourt brought a large family party to watch the jumping. With her was her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Fitz-Herbert Wright, and her grandchildren, Brigid, Bryan, Davina, and Susan Wright



Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett, K.C.V.O., and his wife were photographed together in the Horse Jumping enclosure during one of the three days

Well-Known Irish Families

Who Came to the Royal Dublin Society's Horse Jumping Competitions

● The Royal Dublin Society held a three-day fixture of Horse Jumping Competitions and Gymkhana events this year, as a substitute for the world-famous Horse Show. An unusually high standard of jumping was maintained for the three days, when a large crowd were kept agog with excitement by unusually fine performances in all the competitions. One of the star riders at the Show was Miss Iris Kellett who won several prizes

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Miss Una Reddy, Miss Iris Kellett, who has won over a hundred competitions, and Miss Sheila Meyers, joint-Master of the South Dublin Harriers



Miss Neelia Plunket, Miss Doon Plunket who competed in several of the events for children, the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket and Mrs. B. Harcourt-Wood



Mother and daughter stepping out together were the Countess Fitzwilliam with her only child, Lady Anne Wentworth-Fitzwilliam



Lord Oranmore and Browne brought three of his young family with him, his eldest, the Hon. Patricia Browne, the Hon. Martin, and the Hon. Judy Browne



Lady Oranmore and Browne had her two sons with her; Gay Kindersley, who competed in several events, and the Hon. Garech Browne

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Elizabeth Bowen

Lost Art

Two arts have said to have left us—that of conversation and that of letter-writing. To-day, I only discuss the second of these declines. C. E. Vulliamy—whose *English Letter Writers* is an addition to the "Britain in Pictures" Series (Collins; 4s. 6d.)—takes an informed, and decidedly pessimistic, view. His main contention is, I fear, irrefutable: letter-writing, as an art, as a human accomplishment, must be said to have died out some time ago. This art was the product of space and leisure: space between the two correspondents (as Mr. Vulliamy says, 20 miles, in a civilisation not yet blessed by the telephone and the motor-car, used to be formidable); and leisure, in which to take up, and not to lay down, the pen. One has a picture of this ideal leisure—the table or escritoire by the open window, through which travels mild summer air; not disturbing the two or three roses or carnations in the slender vase by the inkstand. Bees hum in limes; light and shadow dance softly over the paper; in other parts of the house, outside this propitious room, domestic routine runs its silent, unswerving course. Or it is evening: firelight and candlelight, in the draughtless air, colour the intimacy of the hour, as the quill travels smoothly across the sheet. Love of their occupation, before any other love, must, I feel, have pervaded our great classic letter-writers. They wrote in a mood of august pleasure.

Yes, classic letter-writing, the letter as a distinguished performance, does belong to the valhalla of the past. But romantic letter-writing cannot, it seems to me, ever quite die out as long as the human heart remains in motion. War, with all it costs in the matter of separation, has lately given it a new impetus. War, it is true, demolished the already fragmentary leisure of modern life; but, on the other hand, it has re-created space, distance, mystery. These, if potentially dreadful in their power to hurt, have at least restored function to pen and note-paper. Arguably, war has made life less modern. All our short-cuts to intimacy, our easy contacts, have been swept away. We have had to write letters. Letters have been our life-lines.

By romantic letter-writing I do not, of course, mean only love-letters in the narrow and burning sense. I mean letters inspired by any kind of love—even love shared by two people, for the same way of life, places, interests, memories, projects or common friends. Such letters may be incoherent; but they are seldom banal.

The Great Age

LETTERS [says Mr. Vulliamy] are valuable and entertaining in proportion to the wit and personality, and, above all, to the imprudence, of those who write them. For the merit of a really good letter is always colloquial; it is full of news or gossip, it is personal, unstudied and indiscreet. It shows the writer without his guards or defences, uncovers

all his thoughts and feelings; and that is why honest letters are more informative, more amusing, more pathetic, more vital than any considered autobiography. Of all documents they are the most essentially human. They bring us into a curiously intimate relation with men and women of the past, a relation sometimes exhilarating, sometimes nearly painful. Even when literary skill is absent, a passionate or vigorous expression, a trick of humour, is enough to produce an immediate sense of living personality. Some of the most intensely poignant letters (those of soldiers and explorers, for instance) are not infrequently those in which literary skill plays no part at all. And if letters too often reveal the dark and woeful caverns of the soul, they also reveal the bright, unlaced or playful aspects of outwardly pompous persons.

A distinction has to be made, he goes on to say, between the English Letter Writers and writers of English letters. In the former class we have those—such as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Chesterfield and Horace Walpole—whose fame as writers of prose is chiefly dependent upon their published epistles. In the second come those with whom letter-writing was incidental, the by-product of lives which knew many other demands and which left their chief marks, often, on other fields. Keats and Cowper, for instance, are in the first instance poets: they were also two of our major letter-writers. Statesmen, soldiers, women of fashion whose dash and beauty has entitled them to



Brodrick Vernon

Laurie Lee is a poet and violinist. His last volume of verse, "The Sun My Monument," was published a short time ago, and he is just back from Cyprus, where he went to write the script for an important M.O.I. film which is being made at the request of the Cyprian Government. Before the war he spent thirteen months in Spain as a strolling violinist

a place in history, philosophers, scientists and, occasionally, royal personages have left behind them letters which would be fascinating even were they the work of unknown hands.

The eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries were the great ages of English letter-writing. Elegance, rated high, was enlivened by sense and originality. Life had ceased to be violent and not begun to be drab. People of fashion and intellect spoke the same language, without being boringly all alike. "The importance of being elegant," says Mr. Vulliamy, "is not lightly to be disregarded. No doubt it is more important to be honest and amusing, but these virtues are greatly enhanced by elegance of style."

He feels—and I must say I agree—that our present-day passion for the trivial has gone too far: he has therefore spent no time in exhuming hitherto unknown letters of the obscure. Something—call it some elevation?—in either the writer or his subject is needed to make a letter interesting. There is nothing necessarily adorable about a cat having had kittens, a mulberry-tree being cut down, or a pot lid lost, merely because this happened 200 or 300 years ago. Mr. Vulliamy does not apologise for devoting the greater part of his space to the great letter-writers. There are, among them, a high percentage of women—who gain by their "candour, fluency and ease." He does not, however, take it as axiomatic that women are in every way the best letter-writers. (They are better, I should say, at what I have called the romantic rather than classic letter.)

Ever-rolling Stream

THE Paston ladies, East Anglian squire stock, corresponded with their husbands and sons between 1434 and 1509: their letters are somewhat of the pot-liddy kind, of interest mainly antiquarian. Dorothy Osborne, writing to William Temple between 1642 and 1654, sheds the authentic glow of wit, heart and character. With Lady

(Concluded on page 280)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

DOESN'T life and Circumstance re-orient our valuation

By Richard King

of the commonplace? Were, for example, my grandmother to die to-morrow leaving me in her will that parure of carbuncles always worn by her dear mother on state occasions, I should accept the legacy with only a modicum of gratitude. Whereas, if she left me her dripping. . . .

Did any of us now living deem the day would ever dawn which would see our life's horizon darkened by an ounce of fat? Or that a banana would be more precious than a kiss? Or our heart salute an onion and leap for joy at the sight of an egg? Gone, indeed, are the roses and the raptures. To say it with flowers is to be almost dumb. To say it with a clothing coupon is to be eloquent, indeed. Love singing outside our bedroom-window "Every morn I bring thee violets," would to-day scarcely make us turn over in bed. Whereas, "Every morn I bring thee a lump of coal" would make us rush to open wide the casement in very ecstasy. To claim acquaintance with Noel Coward will not nowadays make the assembled company bat an eyelid. But to claim acquaintance with a man who knows a man who knows a man who sells chickens rivets universal attention. Alas! to think that all the adult generations now living will never again be able to regard a water-melon without awe! To such spiritual depths has the civilised world now descended.

If only the Conservative Party had sent around their candidates vote-cadging with baskets of *ofal* they would have romped home on women's loyalty alone. As it

was they got "in" or went "out" for the strangest reasons—none of them strictly political. Among the cross-section of the community in which I myself live, voting seemed to go to the man with the nice face or because his wife was charming, or they both possessed two dear little children, or they knew his father, or because he was a D.S.O., or because he spoke well.

Democracy, which looks so perfect on paper, works out very oddly in practice, doesn't it? Maybe, however, an Intelligence Test, rewarded, if passed, by the power to vote, would make it more perfect still. We rarely worry over anything which becomes ours by right. Whereas, if we have to strive for it we end by being more worthy of our blessings. And that is all to the good isn't it?

So, since 1939 the half-despised things have come very much into their own, haven't they? There is something more than a silly symbol about the fact that it is nowadays as difficult for a rich man to enter heaven as it is for that same gentleman to buy his wife a pair of silk stockings, to say nothing of a double saucepan! The once too-familiar face which is now in the Middle East is more beloved, in a deeper, clear-eyed, more steadfast way than ever he, or she, was when merely the sound of his, or her, voice made one understand the Sinatra form of idiotic adulation. And, judging by the somewhat depressing feeling which lies at the pit of my stomach while thinking of these things, I imagine there must be a moral in it somewhere.

On Active Service



Officers of a Bomber Base Now Transport Command

Front row: Sq/O. D. M. Barton, O.B.E., S/Ldr. W. E. Ballard, W/Cdr. J. G. Freeman, W/Cdr. C. B. J. Porter, D.S.O., D.F.C., G/Capt. R. H. Waterhouse, D.F.C., A.F.C., L/Cdrs. G. E. Newton, G. L. Seabrook, S/Ldr. E. Barnett, Flt/O. J. M. Dennis. Middle row: S/Ldrs. H. K. Spark, J. E. Kelt, D.F.C., A. W. Hayes, S/O. S. M. Slade, F/Lt. H. G. Rumford, S/Ldr. J. D. K. Lloyd, A/S/O. B. N. Sulman, F/O. P. E. Tabernacle. Back row: F/O. T. O. C. Ivey, F/O. R. E. Brook, F/Lts. D. J. Hinds, G. M. Dickson, A. H. Barlow, C. C. Ingle



Officers of 52 R.H.U. With the B.L.A.

Front row: Capt. H. Morris, Major F. Heys, Lt.-Col. E. J. Evans (C.O.), Major H. D. Jarrett, Major G. S. Sutherland. Middle row: Capt. G. L. Cradock, Major T. Benbow, Major C. K. Scarfe, Capt. (Q.M.) L. O. Hillier, Major J. Slater. Back row: Capts. P. J. Wilson, W. Sellwood, R. F. Duncombe, H. Riley, R. W. Neel, J. S. O'Dwyer



Officers of H.Q. 12 Corps Troops, R.E., B.L.A.

Front row: Lt. P. Lockett, Major H. J. C. Carle, Major M. H. de l'Orne, D.S.O., M.C., Lt.-Col. C. J. Gardiner, D.S.O., O.B.E., T.D., Capt. E. L. Ashton, Major M. L. Learmonth, M.C., Lt. A. R. Davidson. Middle row: Lt. A. C. Stevenson, Lt. K. Welding, Capt. A. Reed, W. V. Knowles, P. H. Morris, I. G. D. Dunn, C. E. Petch, Lt. D. F. A. Williamson, M.C., Lt. J. Riddet. Back row: Lts. A. R. Curtis, C. B. Smilie, R. R. Lloyd, J. W. L. Dalton, Ballantine-Dykes, M.C., J. Catchpole, D. P. Foster, A. N. Amery, C. R. Peard, M.C.



Officers of Q.O.R.R., the Staffordshire Yeomanry

Front row: Capt. H. R. S. Stewart, Capt. P. A. N. Milmo, Major T. H. Gardner, Major M. A. L. Spencer-Nairn, Capt. E. N. C. List, Lt.-Col. J. Trotter, Major L. A. Biddle, M.C., Capt. J. T. Hall, Major P. B. Griffin, M.C., Major C. W. Eardley, Capt. J. W. Hitchen, Capt. G. O. Firmin, M.C. Middle row: Lt. A. E. Weighill, Lt. W. G. McGinily, Capt. G. H. M. Gibb, D. G. Colebrook, M.M., the Rev. J. M. Robson, Capt. K. R. Bradford, Lts. G. Scott, J. L. Tiptaft, M.C., J. F. Loney, M.M., E. C. Sinclair. Back row: Lts. C. G. Craven, J. B. Fryer, A. E. Hewitt, C. E. Angus, J. K. McGill, F. D. Biddle, T. V. Ludolf, W. K. Clarke



A Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers in India

Front row: Lt. (Q.M.) S. H. Cooper, Capt. W. J. Towart, C.F., Capt. G. P. Grant, Major F. H. G. Wakelin, Major J. G. Dean, Capt. J. W. Turnbull, Lt.-Col. J. B. M. Sloane, Majors M. J. Evetts, M.C., K. D. Bright, W. R. C. Elliott, M.C., Capt. J. F. Robertson, Capt. P. G. M. Taylor. Middle row: Lts. D. Wright, G. C. A. Terry, H. W. Norman, M. E. Farrer, Capt. P. M. Welsh, I. G. W. McDonald, F. F. B. Martin, Lts. R. N. Kay, K. R. D. Hoggan, N. Patterson, J. S. M. Russel, P. B. Greenway. Back row: Lts. D. McLaren, T. Hadden, W. D. Brew, Capt. J. Christie, M.C., Lts. D. Wylie, C. D. Tucker, J. H. Stewart, J. Gordon, A. I. G. S. Sandilands

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 265)

Burrell's party of four guns over Lochan, where they got 24½ brace. Nearby neighbours Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, with a small party, got 11 brace on the first day at Garrows, but not on one of their best beats.

Other bags were Lady Darling's party of four guns shooting Balvarron, Kirkmichael, 9½ brace; Major Drummond Moray's party shooting over Conachan, 6 brace; at Faskally, Mrs. Foster's party shot 5½ brace, and from Braco Castle Mr. Muir's party shot over the bog for snipe and had a bag of 29 snipe, 6 duck and 4 brace of grouse.

Farther east, in Angus, Mr. Ian Walker and his party shot 25½ brace on the first day. None of these bags was the result of "drives," as on most moors "walking" was the order of the day. Several good moors were not shot over at all, including Baledmund, owned by the Hon. Mrs. Barbour, Clunimore and Urrard.

Fife Wedding

LAST month Lady Jean Bruce was married at the little chapel of the King's Cellar, in the picturesque village of Limekilns, to Capt. David Wemyss, of the Royal Signals. The bride and bridegroom, whose respective homes, Broomhall and Wemyss Castle, are comparatively close to one another, have been friends since childhood. Lady Jean, like her elder sister, Martha, went into uniform early in the war: she joined the W.A.A.F., while Lady Martha volunteered for the A.T.S.

Hundreds of villagers thronged the square in front of the old chapel and gave the bride a tremendous ovation when she arrived, very punctually, with her father, Lord Elgin. Waiting for them at the top of the narrow stairway, which led into the quaint tunnel-shaped chapel, were Lady Jean's two bridesmaids, her sister, Lady Alison Bruce (who had



A.R.P. Farewell Parade at Shrewsbury

The Rev. R. L. Hodson, Bishop of Shrewsbury, spoke at the farewell parade of the local A.R.P. With him on the platform are Lt.-Cdr. Langford Holt (new M.P. for Shrewsbury), Mrs. Holt, Sir Offley Wakeman, Mrs. Woolner, Major-Gen. Woolner, Capt. H. Stewart, W/Cdr. Sir John Hodson, the Earl of Powis, the Rev. A. A. Turreff and the Rev. R. L. Hodson.

her arm in a sling, the result of an accident at school), and Miss Grizel Cochrane, and the Hon. David Bruce, who, clad in his Bruce tartan kilt, was the only other attendant.

The chapel, beneath which is a sixteenth-century vault where the Scottish kings stored their wine, was decorated in gold and scarlet, the Elgin family colours. Many of the tenants from the Broomhall and Wemyss Castle estates were there, while sitting in an armchair at one side of the altar, his leg supported on a footstool, was Lord Bruce, the bride's eldest brother. He was wounded some months ago when on active service with the Scots Guards in North-West Europe.

Lady Jean's lovely bridal dress of ivory parchment satin, with which she wore a fascinating scalloped riding-coat of old family lace, was an heirloom gown belonging to her grandmother, Lady Cochrane of Cults. Her heavy lace veil was lent by her mother-in-law, Lady Victoria Wemyss. The material for the bridesmaids' simply-cut frocks had been woven in the nearby town of Dunfermline. They carried bouquets of dark-red roses from the gardens at Broomhall.

Altogether it was very much a family affair, with the bridegroom's younger brother, Lt. Andrew Wemyss, as best man, while the ushers included the Hon. James Bruce, now a private in the Scots Guards, Mr. Peter Scott, Lord Elgin's head forester, and Mr. James Sibbald, gardener at Broomhall.

Guests at the reception, which was held at Broomhall, had an opportunity of seeing some of the famous family treasures, among them the sword and helmet of Lord Elgin's ancestor, Robert the Bruce. A striking feature of the house, which overlooks the Firth of Forth, is the great entrance hall with its white marble floor. On the walls are seven magnificent paintings, which at one time hung in the Luxembourg Palace.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 278)

Mary Wortley Montagu (1689-1762) we reach, many feel, the height of the entertaining letter. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, showed her more tender side in letters to her granddaughter written 1732-35; after 1750, we have the notable pen of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, the famous Blue Stocking; the gentler touch of Mrs. Boscowen, and the profuse correspondence of Mrs. Thrale—whom Mr. Vulliamy finds an "appalling" woman. Lady Sarah Lennox (1745-1826), who might have been Queen of England, was queen of the lighter type, social letter. Lady Bessborough, the correspondent of Lord Granville Leveson Gower, is, with her alternations of merriment and melancholy, her sense of a situation, her occasional solitudes of the heart, to me the most adorable of her sex. After Charlotte Brontë (1816-1855), what Mr. Vulliamy considers the twilight of feminine letter-writing set in. Though one cannot overlook Queen Victoria.

In *English Letter Writers*, Mr. Vulliamy more than mentions, he definitely characterises, the output, in this direction, of Swift, Pope, William Shenstone, Dr. Johnson, Sterne. A proper, special quota of space goes to Chesterfield and to Horace Walpole, and to the very different Cowper. That engaging gossip, Creevey, receives his share of attention—he was the perfect Regency raconteur. Keats' letters are a literature in themselves; Byron's open a thunderous panorama of temperament, shot with lightnings of malice and inconsistency. An interesting section goes to soldiers' letters written during the Crimean War: towards the end we have Disraeli, Huxley and Livingstone, Fitzgerald (of Omar Khayyám) and R.L.S. Attention (though not, to my mind, enough praise) goes to the terrific letters of D. H. Lawrence.

English Letter Writers is admirable as an essay in its own right: also, it is a miracle of the concentration this Series inevitably demands. It should be acquired and read as a friendly guide for those who wish to begin, or go further with, the reading of letters by great English men and women—as sidelights on history, as inside views into character.

Bad Lots

NOT for quite a time have I met a novel that impressed and engaged me so much as *Atalanta's Case*, by Dennis Parry (Robert Hale; 9s. 6d.). That I have not read Mr. Parry's earlier novels is, I now feel, my loss—a loss which only the tendency of books more than three months old, these days, to disappear prevents me from correcting as soon as possible. *Atalanta's Case* escapes—by the kind of miss that is as good as a mile—being that arch-depresser and arch-bore, the pub-crawl tale interspersed with amorous dialogue. The characters are all, I must fairly say, what one's uncles would have quickly and rightly stigmatised as bad lots. Oliver, first encountered as proprietor of a suburban drinking club, is a successful evader of military service; for the other males in the cast the question does not arise—one is an epileptic, another a dangerous lunatic, and the narrator-hero has heart trouble. Waldo—Oliver's partner in the club—is an ex-pugilist, unmanned by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and other vendors of mystic thought: he does, when all else is over, finish up in the Army. Rosie, a half-Chinese film extra; Diana, a wealthy, ageing suburban blonde, and red-headed Janice of the ample curves, comprise the feminine half of the company. The time is the piping summer of 1940.

This novel might be sub-titled "The Frig's Progress." Rolfe, our narrator, sets out with an initial prejudice against Bohemians: his pursuit of Rosie, whom he sees in a motor-coach, lands him up in Oliver's scabrous club, with whose doings and habitués he becomes involved. The gang, in flight from the law, moves wholesale to Diana's ill-omened farmhouse, Mollet's Nook, in Somerset, near which a newly-discovered chain of Mendip caves is to play a decisive part in the plot. *Atalanta's Case* is that rare thing, in our day, a first-rate picaresque novel: neither Defoe nor Fielding need have frowned upon it. Here, if you like, is the thieves' kitchen, good and proper. Here, most of all in the cave passages, is some fine mobile writing. Most of all, these crooks and queers, with their peculiar, but invincible, own ethics, have a gaunt grandeur, a dignity of the soul. *Atalanta's Case* is sound, exciting and funny. As I must have indicated, it is not a book for all.

Still on the Brink

AT the end of *The Philadelphia Murder Story* (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.) Mrs. Latham and Col. Primrose really do look like getting engaged, but no doubt they will elude Cupid once again. This new Leslie Ford novel permits us to enjoy, again, the society of this—to me, certainly—ever-delightful couple. Mrs. Latham's arrival in Philadelphia is, as usual, signalled by a sort of salvo of murders. The mood of apprehension in which she finds herself, in the rain and side by side with a squirrel, on the doorstep of Mrs. Whitney's raspberry-pink Rittenhouse Square house, proves to be only too well-founded. Old Abby Whitney herself is one of Miss Ford's triumphs. You may also enjoy this inside view of the offices of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

French Painting

FRENCH PAINTING," by T. W. Earp, with 44 illustrations in colour and monochrome, is published, at 8s., by the Avalon Press and the Central Institute of Art and Design, to whom we already owe William Gaunt's *English Painting*, reviewed in these pages some weeks ago. Mr. Earp's admirable essay, supported by illustrations of his choice, traces the course of French painting from Poussin and the Classic and Romantic schools, through to the "Freedom of Form" of the best to-day.

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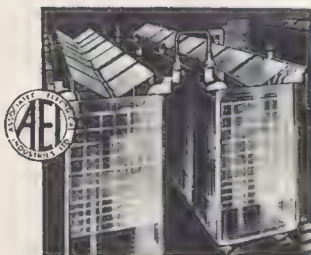


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BY JEAN LORIMER

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● In this Percy Trilnick design stripes are woven into the material and used very cleverly across the yoke and down the front of the dress. They follow the line of the sleeve, giving a cuff effect at the elbow



● Arthur Banks is another designer who makes clever use of stripes. In his newest suit of navy wool hopsack, stripes of shepherd's plaid outline the high revers of the jacket, and with triple effect edge the three-quarter sleeves. The hat is by Age-Thaarup

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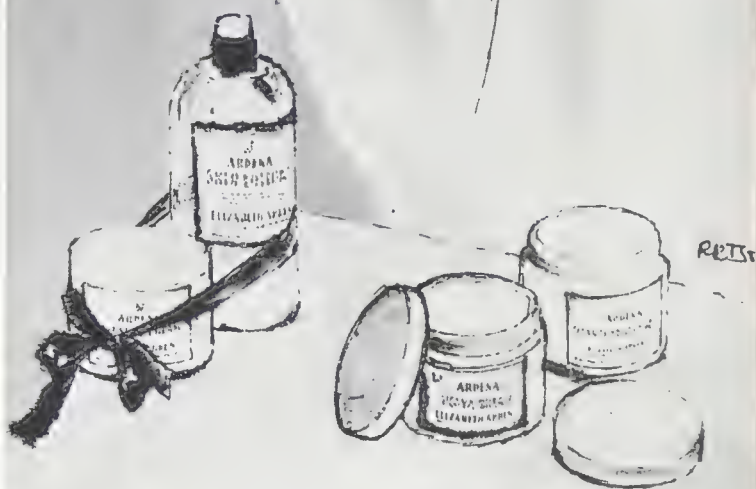
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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

HE was driving her home from the dance. It was past midnight, very dark, and the road was lonely. Suddenly the car stopped, and the young man, having looked it over to see what was the matter, turned to the girl and said: "How unfortunate. The petrol tank seems to be full of water and we can't move a foot."

The girl gave a sigh, and said: "Come inside—this has happened to me before. All we have to do is to sit and argue for a time and the water turns right back into petrol."

THIS remarkable statement was taken from the *Calcutta Statesman* and was written by an Oriental student educated in America:—

"The banana are great remarkable fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as Sausage. Difference being skin of Sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat rapping of Banana.

"Banana are held aloft while devoured.

Sausages are left in reclining position. Sausage depend for creation on human being or stuffing machine, while Banana are pristine product of honourable mother nature.

"In case of Sausage both conclusions are attached to other Sausages. Banana, on other hand, are joined on one end to the stem and opposite termination are entirely loose."



Miss Mary Honer is one of the talented players in the famous Stratford-on-Avon Festival Company, now nearing the close of its very successful season which ends next month. In this charming portrait Mary Honer is seen as Hero in one of Shakespeare's best-loved comedies, "Much Ado About Nothing"

THE cricket match was just over, and a player whose batting had been atrocious and fielding even worse approached the captain in the pavilion.

"I must cut along now, if you don't mind," he said. "I've got a train to catch."

"That's quite all right," replied the captain, ironically. "Better luck with the train!"

A MOTORIST, calling on a Scottish friend who had bought his first car, was surprised to find him emptying the contents of an oil can into his petrol tank.

"What on earth do you think you are doing?" the visitor asked.

"Why," replied the other, "d'ye ken this car will run only thirty miles on a gallon of petrol, while she'll do about seven hundred on a gallon of oil."

TWO girl snails were approaching a fence, a slug following in the rear.

Said the first snail: "Don't look round just now, Jane, but we're being followed."

Said the second snail: "Yes, I know, and by a nudist, too."

SEVERAL Italian conductors, among them Toscanini and Mascagni, were once asked to participate in a gala festival in Milan honouring the composer Verdi. Mascagni, composer of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, was jealous of Toscanini's fame and agreed to direct on one condition—that he be paid more than Toscanini. He didn't care, he said, if it was only one lira more, but it had to be more. The management agreed. At the close of the festival, when Mascagni received his fee, he found it was exactly one lira. Toscanini had conducted for nothing.

"Now," said the magistrate to the chatty prisoner, "what have you got to say?"

"I've got a good deal to say if you'll only give me time," replied the prisoner, angrily.

"Certainly," returned the magistrate blandly. "Six months!"

PIN-UP PORTFOLIO

● In cabins, huts, dugouts and all places where men on active service turn their thoughts homewards, the Pin-Up Girl has done her bit to enliven the surroundings and the austerity of life. The David Wright Girls—blondes and brunettes, demure and not so demure—are known in the messes far and wide, for a series of them has adorned our sister paper, *The Sketch*, for a long time in the form of a coloured plate. Now, such is the demand for these Wallflowers, no less than sixteen of them—the pick of the bunch—are offered together in the "David Wright Portfolio." These plates, in full colours, are nicely bound and printed and cost a modest 5s. (by post 5s. 3d.) from The Publisher, *The Sketch* Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

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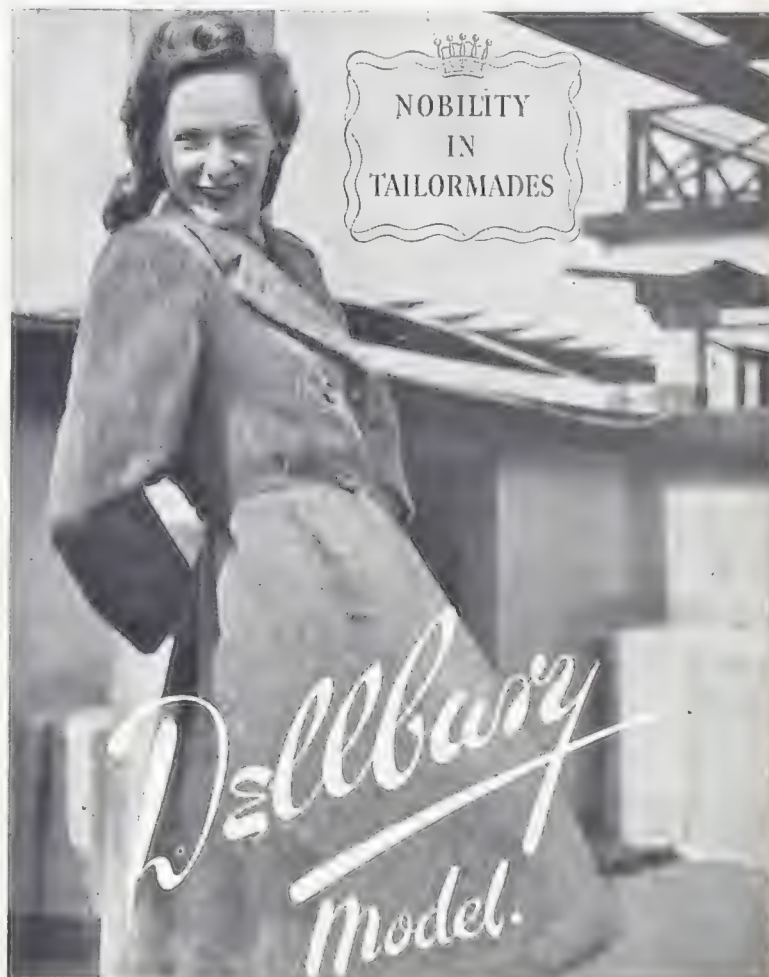
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What is wrong with this picture?

A happy holiday scene—but just look at the mistakes! To start with, the Union Jack is upside down and the deck-chair has no back support. Next, those sandpies couldn't possibly be made with such a small bucket. Strange footprints aren't they for a child's bare feet? And isn't the sun playing tricks with the shadows? That's not all. What are Caley FORTUNE Chocolates doing here? They're not being made now—and won't be until Caley's have a factory of their own again. Meanwhile good friends in the Trade are making Blended Chocolate Blocks for Caley.

CALEY CHOCOLATE



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Changing Affections

ONE of the curiosities of the victory celebrations was the unanimity with which the celebrators turned to fire, flame and noise in order to express their delight. One might have thought that they had had enough fire, flame and noise during the years of war. But it did not seem to be so. Rockets, thunder flashes, bonfires and all the rest of it were there to cause smoke, noise, dirt, destruction and, as the people on Piccadilly learned, injury. It was a sort of miniature war to mark the end of the war.

Here is a possible clue to the public reactions to aircraft and air travel. During the war there was a widespread dislike of aircraft. I heard many people vow that they never wanted to see an aeroplane again. They were fed up with them. Perhaps the reaction will resemble that with fire, flame and explosion. Perhaps they will, after all, turn back to aircraft with zest. Anyhow, the fickleness of the mob was well demonstrated during the peace celebrations. They cheered anybody and everybody, and they would with equal enthusiasm have booed anybody and everybody.

Conservative Aircraft

THOSE who want to see flying go ahead must now learn to think on a smaller scale, for it is on the small scale that the aircraft can be conservative. There are hosts of conservative uses for aircraft—the stocking of waters with fish and the protection of forests against fires are two—but they none of them entail the vast forces which war entails.

A real effort is now demanded to turn people's thoughts to the peaceable and protective use of aircraft. Farmers ought to be able to find good value in aircraft. Doctors have done so in the past and should do so again in the future. But none of them will need thousands or even hundreds of machines. They will want working hacks which will have a longish life and will be absolutely trustworthy. The freighter type of machine is indicated.

Petrol

THE early statements about the increase in the allowance of petrol would have been better received if the whole situation had been explained to the public. As it was there was the general belief that there existed huge stores of petrol in the country; that they were not wanted for war purposes, yet that they were being reserved out of sheer governmental cussedness. All this annoyance would have been prevented if there had been an early, full explanation of what was really happening.

But there is this to remember; that British motor car development will not go ahead until home motoring is going ahead. Someone the other day, expressed horror at the thought that this country might be able to use twelve

million motor cars. The idea has its horrific side; but this side cannot be allowed to sway policy if we intend to remain an industrial nation.

I suppose that if a policy of return-to-the-land were adopted, we could contemplate the gradual diminution in the number of motor cars on the roads. It would not then indicate that anything was wrong, for we would not be relying upon industry for our prosperity. But while we remain industrial we must encourage motoring whether we like it or not.

Atoms and Air Services

ONE of the contributions of the atomic bomb to clear thinking about the responsibilities of the forces may be concerned with the degrees of success enjoyed by the different arms in dealing with different kinds of war weapon. Aircraft, as Lord Trenchard has pointed out, have been extremely successful in dealing with submarines; but none knows how far their success was ministered to by surface vessels. But if the atomic bomb is developed still further, it will no longer be possible to give any force, land, sea or air, priority in the dealing with enemy devices. Destruction will be so widespread and so complete that there will no longer remain any practical distinction between the weapons which are mainly concerned with land, sea or air activities. In the days to come there will be no separate land, sea and air forces; there will only be fighting forces. It therefore becomes more than ever necessary to consolidate and to unify the Services under a single political head.

When this point was made the other day in a book, one of the Service journals tried to throw it down by saying that the suggestion had often been made before. The reviewer cannot have read the book he was reviewing for, in that book, it was specifically stated that the suggestion had often been made for the unification of the Services; but had never been accepted.

Peace Uses

As for the peaceful uses of atomic energy, it is easy to be optimistic, but unconvincing. It seems to be a fact of existence that it is easier to destroy than to create and that it is, therefore, easier to invent instruments of destruction than instruments of construction and conservation. That is the real trouble: the greater ease of destruction than of the other things. It is easier to use aeroplanes to destroy than to build. But, as I said at the beginning, they can be used to build if we try hard enough.



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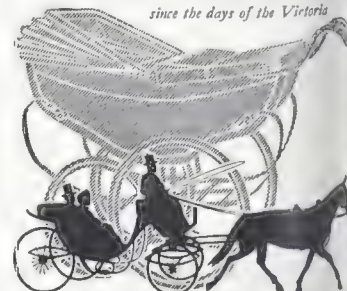
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Quarry Pool at dusk. He's probably still there. Hooked him on a fly made of brown wool from my old fishing coat. Time I had a new one though, and naturally that means

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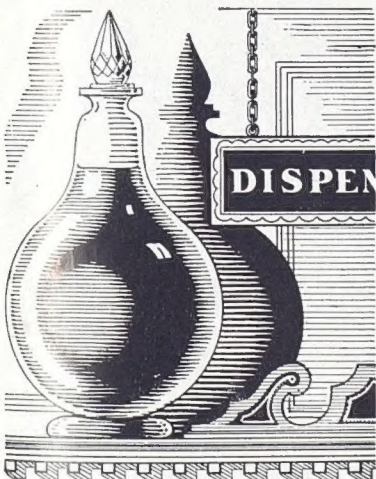


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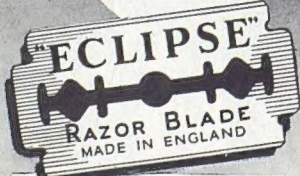
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